"After all, he isn't half bad," she says,

"I was right, however. Did you ever

CHAPTER VII.

"What a calamity!" says Griselda, with

Better any man than no man,

"In this barren wilderness even manna

"So say not I, then," with great spirit.

She has leaned forward upon her elbow,

suspicion of anger. "Give me a desert

Island rather than the society of a man

whom I know it will require only time to

call him so familiarly 'Seaton,' passes

curious expression round his mouth? Gri-

rather lamely. "But I assure you, Sea-

ton, your sudden appearance quite took away my breath. You should stamp when

you come to a house like this. The grass

"Too thick!" says Dysart, with a swift

glance at Vera, who has lost all her color.

For the future I shall try to remember.

I am very sorry I startled you." He has

addressed himself entirely to Griselda,

unless that one lightning glance of con-

one of the farms, and this is the lowest.

the nearest path to it. I shall never cease

turns his eyes unreservedly on Vera-

walks swiftly onward on the unlucky

"Oh, Vera, do something!" cries Grisel-

da, in a small agony of consternation, clasping her hands. Vera, thus admon-

ished, springs to her feet, and, driven

half by honest shame and half by im-

pulse, rushes out of the summer house and runs after Dysart as he is fast dis-

appearing through the shrubs. Reaching

him, panting and pale with agitation, she

"I am so grieved," she says, her charm-

ing face very pained, her lips white.

knows what one says, and--"

desire anything of the kind."

way, and then returns to Griselda.

"I really think I hate him," says Vera,

had displaced her hand from his arm-all

rankle in her breast, and a hot flow of

shame renders her usually pale face bril-

liant, "There, never mind him," she says,

with a little frown. "He is not staying

long, fortunately, and this episode will

bear good fruit of one sort at least. He

Griselda, with a light laugh, drawn ir-

resistibly by the gorgeous loveliness of

the lights and shadows of the land below,

When she returns over an hour later

she discovers to her amazement, that

"Never mind it. If you will come to din-

"oGod heavens! Here he is." says

'You are miserable about that wretch-

cries Griselda, softly, putting

runs down the pathway and is soon lost

to view.

Vera is still in it.

"There are moments when one hardly

"There are such moments, certainly,"

says he, interrupting her remorselessly.

"But they can hardly be classed with

"that I did not take the upper one"

"Isn't it absurd?" she says, smiling

selda is the first to recover.

all round is so thick."

path he had chosen.

may be regarded with rapture even Sea-

say I."



CHAPTER VI. saucily. "You talk like a book—a blue The last stroke of eight dies out from book. But you have not told me why the old clock in the hair as Seaton Dysart your father will not let us see anyone, enters the drawing room. The extreme why—" dinginess and gloom of that melancholy "Griselda!" says Miss Dysart, a little apartment sinks into him as he moves sharply. She as she speaks, and rather discontentedly, but with a man's Dysart opens the door for her. As unfailing instinct, toward the hearth-rug. Griselda passes him he says, easily: It is not all gloom, however, as he presently discovers, in this dreary place. Some one rises languidly from a low chair a given me. As for my father, he is ecgirl, a lovely girl, as he instantly admits centric, and, I fear, hard to live with.

But if ever I can help you, call on me."

Cricalda given him. an ordinary foot toward him.

Griselda gives him a smile for this, and
They are wonderfully alike, the father follows her sister into the drawing room.

and son, and yet how wonderfully unlike. It seems impossible that with ex- with a little nod. pressions so utterly at Ariance so strong resemblance can exist, yet it is there. see a father and son so like?" asks Vera, The one, the old face, mean cringing coldly.

suspicious, wicked; the other old, honorable, earnest and beautiful. The girl,
watching him with distrust in her eyes, "Wel reluctantly acknowledged this last fact. "I'm extremely sorry if I've kept you where Vera sits reading. It is next day, waiting for dinner," he says, advancing and a very lovely day, too." at a quicker pace, once he sees the pretty "For your ramble," says Vera, laying girl in white, and holding out his hand. down her book. "So you won't take my "But the fact is I was dreadfully tired advice? Very good. Go on, and you'll

when I arrived, and I'm rather afraid I see that you won't prosper." Her tone is half gay, half serious. "And don't be "The day is warm," says she, coldly. long," entreats Vera, with a sudden rush The likeness to his father seems clearer of anxiety. "Don't, now. Yes, I'm in to her as he speaks, and kills for her all the charm of his face.
"Very; but I don't fancy my absurd fit

my discomfiture, and if he turns up in of laziness arose from that. Rather from this part of the world I suppose I shall the fact that I haven't had a wink of bave to talk to him." sleep for the last two nights." "Two nights!" says she with a faint a little feigned drooping of her mouth. accession of interest. "Toothache? Sick "In this barren wilderness even manna

"Oh, no. Ball-cards," returns he, con-

"Ah!" says she, this time rather shortly. ...You are Griselda, I suppose?" says

and her eyes are brilliant with a little he, pleasantly.
"Why should you suppose it?" asks she,

with a faint smile "True. Why should I?" returns he. laughing. "Perhaps because," with a steady look at her, "I have been told that my cousin Griselda is a person possessed of a considerable amount of-of charac-

By that you mean that you have heard Griselda is self-willed," says she, calmly. "And as it is evident you think I look the part also, I am afraid you must prepare yourself to meet two self-willed cousinsam not Griselda.'

If she had fancied that this announce ment would have put him out, she is un deceived in a moment.

"No?" says he, looking distinctly amus ed. "There is comfort in the thought that I cannot again fall into error, because you must be Vera."

"Yes, I am Vera," slowly. "I fear you will find it very dull down

"Your father has been very good to us more than kind," interrupts she, gently, but with decision. "He has given us bome."

"I should think he would be very glad to get you here," says he. At this moment Griselda enters the room. A charm ing Griselda, in white, like her sister, and with a flower in her sunny hair. She trips up to Seaton and gives him her hand and a frank smile, that has just the correct amount of coquettish shyness in it A man, to Griselda, no matter out of what obnoxious tribe he may have sprung, is always a creature to be gently treated, smiled upon and encouraged.

"So you've come at last to this Castle of Despair," says she, saucily. "I must lays her hand timidly upon his arm. say, you took time to look us up. But 1 don't blame you; life down her is too lively for most. It has quite done up Vers

The dismal sound of a cracked old din ner gong breaks in at this instant on Grispeech. They all rise and cross the hall to the dining room, but just in side it a momentary hesitation takes place. Dysart going to the foot of the table. Vera stops short, as if in some surprise, to look at him, question in her

"You will take the head of the table, I hope," says he, in a low tone, divining her perplexity.

"But-" quickly, and then a paus "If you wish it, of course," she says, with a swift uplifting of the brows and an almost imperceptible shrug.

Her manner somehow irritates him. "I wish it, certainly," says he, coldly "But I wish still more to see you do only that which you like."

"I have few likes and dislikes," replies she, still in that utterly emotionless tone; and sweeping past him, she seats herself at the head of the table.

will not trouble me with his society while you are away. Now hurry, Griselda, do." As for Griselda, the little jar in the social atmosphere around her goes by unnoticed, so overcome is she by the unwonted magnificence of the sight before her, a decent dinner table at Greycourt. She looks round her and loses herself a little in the touch of fairyland the room presents. It is, as it were, an echo from the past, a glimpse into the old life when her father still lived, that she hardly knew was dear to her until she had lost it. The glitter of the silver, the glass, the intense perfume of the glowing flowers, the rich tint of the fruits, all seem uer I promise you to do all the talking,

and as it has to be endured I do entreat part of a dream; a sweet one, too. Mr. Dysart is wondering why both girls you to keep up your spirits." "Oh, yes. There isn't a decent chance of escape," says Vera, wearily. should have taken so instantaneous a dislike to him. As a rule, women were civil enough; yet here were two to whom he was an utter stranger, and aggressive up her hand; the sound of coming footwas the only word he could apply to their steps, slow, deliberate footsteps purpose-

looks and words, though both were stu- ly made heavier, smites upon their ears. Griselda, and indeed they have barely "Do you stay long?" asks Griselda prestime to put on a carefully unconscious

ently, looking at her cousin. "I don't know how you may view it. demeanor, when Seaton Dysart darkens

I return to town the day after to-mor- the door of the summer house, and looks row-very early on that day. Whether coldly down on them.

I must or must not work for my living "They told me I should find you here," I must or must not work for my living is a thing that does not concern me. I he says, speaking to Vera. "I have come work-you will hardly believe it in this to say good-by." prosaic age-but I actually seek after "But surely you are not going so fame. I should like to get on in my pro-fession; to be more than a mere trifler."

"You are charming," says Griselda, of their difficulty, and a little sorry, too.

"I am going now. Good-by," holding out his hand to her with a determination not to be changed. Griselda takes it and shakes it genially, nay, warmly. His bumor is decidedly hostile, and if he acquaints the old father of their incivility-Anything to propitiate him, she tells herself, will be the correct thing, and she grows positively friendly toward him, and beams upon him with gentle entreats in her eye.

"If you must go, do us one service first," she says. "Do you see that rose?" —a rather unkempt and straggling specimen of its kind that trails in unadmired disorder just outside the door. "It has baffled me many a time, but you are tall, oh, taller than most; will you lift these awkward tendrils, and press them back into shape?"

She is smiling divinely at him, a smile that Tom Peyton would have given several years of his life to possess; but Dy-sart is disgracefully unmoved by it, and, refusing to return it, steps outside, and, with a decidedly unwilling air, proceeds to lift the drooping tendrils and reduce

Griselds, naturally a girl of great resource, seizes the opportunity she has herself provided. Catching Vera's arm, she draws her back out of sight, "Now's your time!" she says.

something. Do something. It doesn't matter what, but for heaven's sake smooth him down one way or another! If you don't you'll have the old man down "I can't," gasps Vera, fearfully.

"You must," insists Griselda, sternly. "It's impossible to know what sort of man he is. If revengeful, he can play old Harry with us!" Without waiting to explain what par "Well, I'm off," says Griselda, poking ticular game this may mean, or the full her pretty head into the summer house, significance thereof, she steps lightly outside and gazes with undisguised rapture

ipon Dysart's work. Dysart returns to the summer house with all the manner of one in mad haste to be gone. It is merely a part of an un pleasant whole, he tells himself, that he must first say a chillingly courteous word or two of farewell to the girl who has openly declared toward him such an undeadly earnest. There is that man all dying animosity.

over the place, let loose, as it were, for "I am afraid," says Vera, speaking with cold precision, as one delivering herself of an unloved lesson, "that you are going away thus abruptly because of what you heard me say this morning." "You are right. That is why I am go-

ing," replies Dysart, calmly.
"Yes?" in a chilling tone, and with faintly lifted brows. "I regret exceed-ingly that I should have so unfortunately offend you, but to go for that-it all sounds a little trivial, don't you think?"

"Not by going, I think. I don't see how I can do otherwise. Why should I make you uncomfortable? But you may call it trivial if you like, to talk of detesting teach me to detest. And how you can a man you have only seen for an hour or two, and who in those hours-" He pauses. "Did I make myself so specially A pause! An awful pause. Who is it objectionable?" demands he, abruptly that has turned the corner of the summer turning to her with something that is house, and is looking in at them with a surely anger, but as surely entreat his eyes.

"As I told you before," indifferently, one says foolish things now and then.' "Would you have me believe you did not really mean what you said?" "I would not have you believe any-

thing," returns she, haughtily. "I only think it a pity that you should curtail your visit to your father because a chance remark of mine that cannot possibly affect you in any way.' "Is that how you look at it?"

"Is there any other way? Why should you care whether or not I detest you-I temptuous reproach cast at Vera could be counted. "But I was on my way to whom you saw for the first time yester day?"

"Why, indeed!" He regards her absently, as if trying to work out in his to regret"-here he stops dead short, and own mind the answer to this question, and then, suddenly: "Nevertheless, I do care," he says, He makes both girls a slight bow, and

with a touch of vehemence. "It is the injustice of it to which I object. You had evidently determined beforehand to show me no grace. I defy you to deny it! Come, can you?"

Miss Dysart is silent. The very impetuosity of his accusation has deadened her power to reply, and besides, is there not truth in it? Had she not prejudged? "By the bye," he says, "I am afraid you will have to put up with me for a few hours every week. I shall promise to make them as short as I possibly can. But my father likes to see me every seven days or so, and I like to see him. Do you think," a slight smile crossing his face, "you will be able to live through

"I have lived through a good many those in which the calm confidences of things," says Vera, her dark eyes aflame. one sister are exchanged with the other. "That gives you a chance here; practice makes perfect. I am sorry to be And why should you apologize? I assure obliged to inconvenience you so far, but you, you need not. I do not seek for or if I stayed away, I am afraid my father might want to know why. He might It almost seems to her that he has even be so absurd as to miss me." shaken her hand from his aim. . Drawing back, she sees him proceed upon his

"Why should you take it for granted that I desire your absence?" cries Vera, her voice vibrating with anger. remain, or stay away forever-what is it vehemently. The recollection of his contemptuous glance, the way in which he had disclained her apology-above all, that slight he had offered her when he

And it was thus that they parted. (To be continued.)

Not to Be Balked. A comparison made by an old car penter twenty years ago may be ap- bly. It will be remembered that her plied in a much wider sense than he only daughter, Annie, was held as a had in mind. He was speaking of two boys, brothers, who had been sent to him to learn the trade. They were bright boys, and their father, in telling the carpenter of his pleasure at their progress in their work, said he could not see but one hand had done just as

well as the other. "Um-m!" said the carpenter. "I presume to say their work looks about of a plece, but I'll tell you the difference ed affair of the morning," cries Griselds. hetwixt those two boys. You give Ed just the right tools, and he'll do a real good job; but Cy, if he hasn't got what he needs, he'll make his own tools, and

say nothing about it. "If I was casted on a desert island and wanted a box opened, I should his cell. I did so. He then told me that know there'd be no use asking Ed to do he felt sorry for Mrs. Surratt, as she it, without I could point him out a

hammer. "But Cy!" added the old carpenter. with a snap of his fingers. "The lack of a hammer wouldn't stump that boy! freed. He deplored the fact that he was He'd have something rigged up and that box opened, if there was any open to it! I expect Cy's going to march

shead of Ed all his life." Twenty years have proved the truth of the words, for while the boy who "made his own tools" is rich, his brother is still an ordinary workman.



The man who avenged the assassination of Lincoln by hanging four
of the conspirators, Mrs. Mary E.
Surratt, David E. Herrold, Lewis PaynePowell and George A. Atzerott, now lives
in Jackson, Mich. He is Col. Caris. Rath.
Ever since that 7th day of July, 1865,
when these four were executed in Washingroup. Col. Rath her been in passession.

Hanging of the Conspirators. ington, Col. Rath has been it possession of information which settles beyond dispute that Booth was killed and that Mrs. Surratt was guilty of the crime with which she was charged—conspiring to take the President's life. Both of these facts have been doubted by many per-

At the time of the assassination of President Lincoln, Capt. Rath, as he then ranked, was doing provost duty in Dinwiddie County, Va., under Col. O. P. Wilcox. Immediately after the death of the President Capt. Rath was or-dered to report at Washington. He was placed in charge of the District of Columbia penitentiary and arsenal, un-der Gen. Hartranft. In the arsenal were confined the Lincoln conspirators-the four above named, together with Ada Spangler, Dr. Mudd, Arnold and O'Laughlin, and several persons who were held as witnesses. It will be reembered that the four last named were er. sentenced to life imprisonment and were sent to the Dry Tortugas.

Col. Rath, who has held his peace here-

ofore, for fear of being misquoted, on being finally persuaded to tell what he knew of the Lincoln conspiracy, said: "I want to set at rest forever, so far is I can, the senseless stories that Booth 'identification.'

stopped willingly enough. The two climb-

Hanging of the Conspirators.

"I had been ordered to have everything ready for the execution at 2 o'clock of that memorable 7th of July, 1865. I was prepared at that time. Gen. W. S. Scott, who was to represent the government at the execution, was an hour late. When he appeared he said;

"'Captain, go on with the execution.' "'How about Mrs. Surratt?' I inquir-

"'Mrs. Surratt goes with the rest of them,' he said. "The four criminals were marched to the gallows, single file, each accompanied by a soldier, with a minister of the gospel following. The four stood the strain nobly. Even though they were to suffer death for participation in an awful crime, one could not but admire their bravery. Mrs. Surratt and Payne-Powell were dropped into eternity from one gallows and Atzerott and Herrold from the oth-They died instantly, the doctors

"The graves had been dug near the scaffolds. The bodies were put in these and with each was a sealed bottle containing their respective names. This was done so that if the remains were ever reinterred there would be no trouble about

fer your mother an' a binnket for your bed, an' l'reckon some socks fer me, ter come out o' this load o' greens. But don't git discouraged. Mebbe we kin spare a dollar, come spring, fer that book An English traveller in America re-you was tellin' about What's the name lates, in Travel, certain experiences you called it by?" "Smith's Natural History, and a bar-

gain it'll be; but like's not the man'll sell it before spring."

"Like's not." assented Jake "Whon, there," he called to the horses, which

ed to the sent of the sled and as the horses started off, Jake gave Phil's shoulder an encouraging pat.
"You know my old sayin'; the first dol-

lar you find in a horseshoe track, you kin spend fer the book."

Phil's face lost its shadow as he answered: "I ought to be ashamed to bother you, when you an' mother could have lots more, if you hadn't taken me."

Jake's answer was gruff, but Phil knew that it was tender, too. "Don't be silly, boy. Talk sense."

One morning in February, Jake said to me. I've got ter go up ter the mine an' put some props in the shaft an' I'll take the boy fer comp'ny. It's kinder lone-some an' cold, goin' up into the mountains alone, jest about now."

Phil did not wait to hear Mrs. Atkins' answer. He knew that she might dread to have them take the dangerous trip, but he also knew that the patient look on body rides a wheel. There ain't any her face must have come with the years distinction in that. Now a nice, smart of anxious endurance that she had known American buggy would let folks see since she became the miner's wife, and he scrambled up to the loft of the cabin and began to finnt out the thick gloves and leggings, made from the good parts of an old blanket, and to get guns and you a bargain." ammunition ready, for bears and wild cats were plentiful in the mountains.

The trip to the mine was made in safety, the props were put in and on the orning of the next day the two were at the foot of the mountain, ready to start home, only to find that the horses

TRYING TO SELL A "BUGGY."

English Traveler Did Not Seem to Apo preciate American Perseverance

which he had with the Yankee "drummer," to whom he gives full credit for zeal and enterprise. The perseverance of Robert Bruce's spider seemed to him insignificant beside the tenacity of this "gentleman of the road."

A hollow-cheeked, nervous man, with thin hair on the top of his head, got into conversation with us. "Guess you don't have buggles in En-

gland?" he volunteered. "Don't you think they're nice and

handy to drive round the country in?" "Splendid." "Why don't you buy one? Here's my

catalogue. Number seventeen-that's a cute turnout; real elegant; polished panels and green cloth cushions. I'll his wife: "Put up a snack fer Phil an' tell you what,—of course you're not in the trade, but you're a decent fellow,-I'll let you have one at wholesale price. I wouldn't do that for everybody."

"But I ride a bicycle or use a bansom cab when I'm in London."

"I don't know what a hansom cab is. But that don't cut any ice. Everyyou were somebody; that you ain't like other people; that you've got character and individuality. Mind, I'm offering

"I don't want a buggy. And I've no horse. I'm cycling from here to New York, so what would be the use of-" "Now look here, you're a man of sense. Have a change. Ride the rest of the way in a buggy. It's mighty bad for a man to keep in one groove, ain't it? You can't ride your wheel when it rains. If you have a buggy, what does rain matter? You get mighty tired pumping along all day. In a buggy all you've got to do is to sit at your ease, like a gentleman. Now I ain't a philanthropist, but you look thin, and a buggy would rest you. Your blcycle's nearly worn out, anyway. Now this buggy, when you get to England, will

"I don't want a buggy!"

"Now don't get curt and snappy. Of course you don't want one. Nobody wants anything that's good for him: that's human nature. But look here, you might trade it when you get to Eugland. You'd have the use of it from here to New York, and then make a profit on it. Don't that appeal to you?"

"No, it doesn't. I have my bike." "Bicycles are all very well, but bicyreduction of thirty-three per cent. Compare the price of a wheel. Reckon-"I'm bad at figures. Do you mind my reading my newspaper?"

"Not at all. I'll talk while you read Now as I was saying-"

RECENT JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

An ordinance limiting the height of bill boards to six feet unless permission to exceed that height is expressly given by the common council is held in Rochester vs. West (N. Y.), 53 L. R. A. 548, not to be unreasonable or an undue restraint on a lawful trade or business. or upon a lawful and beneficial use of private property.

An ordinance forbidding the keeping of any inclosure in or connected with walk the lifteen miles to the cabin, and any room where intoxicating liquors may be sold by a licensed dealer, which well packed when they came over the is or can by any ingenuity or pretense be used as a lounging or drinking place or for any immoral purpose, is held in State vs. Bardage (Minn.), 53 L. R. A. 428, to be reasonable and valid.

Mere failure of an indorsee to present a check for payment for eleven months, during which time the maker paid the amount to the payee on his assurance that the check was mislaid and that he would return it when found, is held in Bradley vs. Andrus (C. C. A. 3d C.), 53 L. R. A. 432, not to estop him from enforcing payment, where the maker relied wholly on the word of the payee in making his pay-

When a juror on his voirdire admits that he has formed and expressed an opinion of the guilt or innocence of the accused, and expresses any degree of doubt as to whether such previously formed opinion would affect his judgment in arriving at a just and proper verdict in the case, the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia in the case of State vs. Johnson (39 S. E. Rep., 665) holds that it is error to admit him on the panel.

Where a partner dies the surviving partner takes the legal title to the partnership property, subject to the equitable right of the deceased partner to a with his finger. Then he raised his distribution of surplus after the payment of debts, holds Forbes of the Supreme Court, special term, Chemung County, New York, in the case of Mc-Cann vs. Hazard (72 N. Y., Supp., 45), executor takes a legal title to the partnership property for the purpose of sethim as surviving partner.

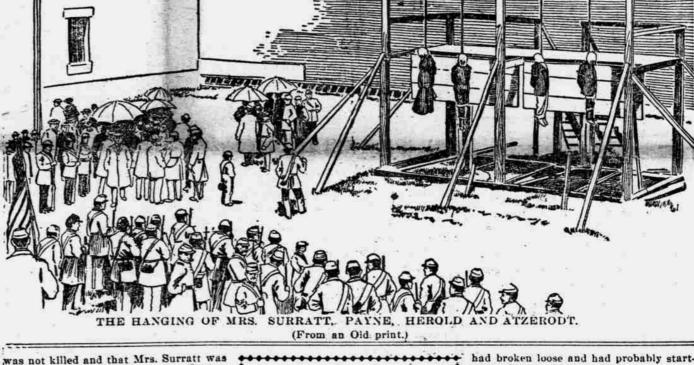
Quite a Difference. The department store is useful and

convenient, but the multifarious nature of its activities sometimes leads "Where shall I find something nice

in oil for the dining-room?" asked a stout, smiling woman of the floor-walker in a Western department store.

"On the third-" began the floorwalker; then he paused and looked doubtfully at the inquirer. "Did you mean a painting or something in the sardine line?" he asked.

After falling to be a satisfactory brother, a man has one chance left with his sister, and that is to become a satisfactory uncle to her children.



Death of Booth Corroborated. "David E. Herrold attempted to escape with Booth. He was afterward under my care in the arsenal, and he told me more than once that Booth had met an untimely end. He said he felt bad about the way the man had died. He detailed the story of his efforts to escape the officers of the law. He had not read the papers, nor communicated with any one beside myself, so he could not have learned the story from outside sources. Inasmuch as his story tallied with the version given by the officers, there can be no doubt about the matter. Mrs. Surratt was just as guilty as the rest. They were all guilty. After they returned from the court room they would discuss

names, they did not enter a denial to the witnesses' statements. "Then the fact that Mrs. Surratt practically acknowledged that she left guns and ammunition and provisions at her hotel in Surrattville the day before the assassination, with instructions to her help to deliver the stuff to whomsoever called for it, strengthens my contention. This stuff was called for by Booth and Herrold. Isn't that evidence enough of

the testimony adduced, and, with the

exception of such matters as dates and

en innocent victim of the law. Neither

is true. Take Booth's case first.

her guilt? "Mrs. Surratt was unusually selfwilled. She could control herself admirawitness for a time. Some weeks after she was discharged she returned to the arsenal to see her mother. The interview was granted on condition that I be allowed to overhear their conversation. The daughter was ushered into the mother's presence, and although the girl threw herself into her arms and sobbed herself weary, Mrs. Surratt hardly changed

countenance. Wanted to Save Mrs. Surratt. "I do not believe that it was ever intended that Mrs. Surratt should hang. If the government could have found any pretext on which to grant her a reprieve

believe it would have been done. "On the evening before the execution, atter the death warrants had been read, Powell asked to have me visit him in was an innocent woman, and had it not been for him she would not have got into trouble. He informed me that if he could suffer two deaths he would gladly do so if Mrs. Surratt might be captured in the basement of her house, and that he had boarded with her for three months before the consummation of the awful plot to which he was a party. "I told Maj. Eckert, assistant Secre tary, of Powell's recital to me. The following morning as early as 5 o'clock I was called before Secretary Seward. I the time'll ever come when you can buy repeated my story. I believe that if me a few books?" there had been sufficient proof of the

Phil's Queer

PHIL was 10 years old when found his queer valentine, but found his queer valentine, but he was only 6 when gruff Jake Atkins said to his wife: "Well, ef you are so set on takin' the boy ter raise, why, take him, but it's mighty hard diggin' fer us now, an' when the youngster gits older an' needs schoolin' an' books an' a sight o' clothes, then'll come the scrimpin' fer

Mrs. Atkins had sent Phil out with his dertaken an easy task when she had decided to urge her husband to allow her to adopt the handsome little boy, whose mother had died two days before. Now she answered: "Yes, I am set on takin' him, an', Jake, he won't cost us any more than our own Phil would, an' he's just the same age."

That settled it, and when the little boy came in from his play, he found two loving hearts waiting to help him forget that his mother was not there to kiss him good-night. Jake Atkins was a miner, and luck

had been against him during these four years that had passed since Phil came into his home, but they had managed to live in a poor fashion. During the summer the garden yielded rich supplies, and there was always some wild meat to be had for the going in search of it. Then some logging and in the winter the sale of Christmas trees and trimmings added a little to the household purse. The bare necessities they could always have, but none of the luxuries came into their home, and here was the source of Phil's greatest sorrow. He cared little that he had never in his life worn a new pair of trousers; those made from his father's old ones-themselves home made-were comfortable enough. Neither did he envy the city boys their skates in winter nor not to be thought of any more than were thing he longed for and planned for and even one day asked for.

It was the week before Christmas and he and Jake were taking a load of ever-greens to the city, forty miles away. Jake and he had climbed off the sled and were trudging along beside the horses, thrashing their arms together in an effort to warm themselves.

Presently the man spoke: "Phil, boy, ef

ever we strike it rich, you an' your mother'll have the greatest Chris'mas you ever dremp of. What'd you takfle, Phil, ef we could celebrate same's other folks?" "Books, Daddy, stacks of 'em, tellin' 'bout animals an' birds. I wouldn't want another thing but books. Do you think Put it strong, dat I weep en long

"It ain't here now, son; there's shoes

had broken loose and had probably start ed for home, shead of them. Nothing was left for them to do but to Valentine. they started out. The snow had been

road on the previous day, but during the night an inch of new snow had fallen and so it was easy to track the horses through the canyon. It was nearing noon when they came out of the canyon into the open valley, and the road began to show signs of travel, so that it was impossible to track them farther. They felt no uneasiness about the animals however, being sure that they had gone "This is Valentine's day, Daddy, an' 1

wrote a valentine on a piece of pink paper. sled, well knowing that she had not un- an' left it where mother would find it, so's she'd not be so lonesome with us gone. Did you ever write her one, before you were married?" "That's what I did, er leastways !

never was no hand with the pencil, but I ment. got the teacher ter write it. It said suthin' like this: "On the fourteenth of February

"On the fourteenth of February
'Twas our lot ter be merry.
Lots was cast an' tlekets drew:
Klud Fortune said it should be you!
Ef you love me as I love you
No knife kin cut our love in two.
Round is this ring. It's got no end;
So is my love fer you, my friend.
Ef these few lines you do refuse,
I shall expect that me, you'll choose.
Ef these few lines you do reject.
That me you'll choose, I shall expect!" "I got her either way, you see-Phil did not hear the last words, Ahead

of them something glistened and he was sure it was not the sun shining on the snow. He hurried forward a step and stooping down, turned the object over beaming face to Jake and exclaimed: "See, Daddy, a dollar, an' I found it in a horseshoe track!"

"Blessed of you ain't right," the man answered. "An' Bill Stone's goin' ter the city ter-morrer, so you kin send by him and where a surviving partner dies his an' git that book tellin' about animals." Phil is professor of natural history in a large western college now, and Jake tling his estate, but does not succeed their bicycles in the summer. Those were and his wife live comfortably in his pleasant home. There is one large room i stiff collars or tailor-made suits; but one the house, called the library. Here Phil has many valuable books, but the one in which he takes the greatest pride is an old, well-worn copy of the book on natural history, bought with the dollar that he found in a horseshoe track on to a dilemma. the 14th of February, 1880-his "queer valentine."

> Down in Dixie. Wish you write me a valentine Lak de ones on de book sto' shelf, 'Bout de vi-let blue, en so is you, En l feelin' blue myself!

Wish you say dat I hope en pray Fer ter win dat gal er mine, Fer ter win dat gal er mine, En sho' ez de vine grow roun' de stump I'se tangied up in de vine!

Fer ter see her face each day; En ef she love me lak I love she De preacher'll be ter pay; —Atlanta Constitution.